

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

"A Man's a Man for a' That."

In the last number of the *Canadian Monthly*, the writer of "Current Events" proposes the introduction of an aristocracy into Canada. His ideas are highly amusing. Let us fancy a man in Canada subsisting upon the fact that he "belongs to a family." Happy mortal! How must he be envied by the "common herd" who don't belong to a family, or who have not the consummate ignorance to found their own respectability on that of their relations. Your titled dunce is "nothing so low as the working class;" or as we have known one of the tribe (who turned out a forger,) remark, he has "never stood behind a counter, never ploughed a field, and never entered a school to gain a livelihood." Oh! ye degraded ones who have done honest and honorable work, blush, if ye have never blushed before, for your sins. Heinous crimes have ye committed in the eyes of your noble superiors, particularly ye who have entered mercantile life, tilled the soil that the earth might bring forth fruit for your own and others, sustenance, or engaged in that

"Delightful task,—to rear the tender thought,
And teach the young idea how to shoot."

Go hide your heads, ye merchants, farmers and schoolmasters; array your bodies in sackcloth; prostrate yourselves in dust and ashes; and, if you really happen to be "of a family," mourn for the deprecation you have brought upon your progenitors!

Happily for the rare peace and lofty comfort of the "aristocrat," he does not think as does the rabble, nor reflect as we poor, miserable beings of the lower order. We will stubbornly persist in the idea that all men are descended from Adam, who, if he "never ploughed a field" at least enjoyed in some sort of rude husbandry. But perhaps the "aristocrats" are descendants of the other fellow, who was instrumental in getting our first parents expelled from Eden. This is the only inference on which we who acknowledge Adam and Eve as our ancestors can account for the difference between "our people" and the aristocracy.

While family traditions and pride of descent may do very well to nurse the enterprize of the mind in private, it becomes utterly ridiculous to a Canadian, when obtrusively thrust before the public. The man who boasts or tries to float on "blue," or any other distinctive kind of blood in a democratic country like this is a mitigated ignoramus, whatever standing he may occupy in society, or whoever may have been his ancestors.

If we are to believe generally accepted reports the writer of "Current Events" does not bear the most aristocratic name in the world; nor is he one of those drones in the human hive—parasites on the social structure—who are so fond of basing their claims to respectability on a lot of mouldering coffins. Therefore we are the more surprised at his sayings, and puzzled to decide whether he intended them as serious or playful, or whether his desire was to make them (as he certainly has done) foggy and extremely ridiculous. If the adage "Laugh and grow fat, be good in all weathers" we hope he will continue propounding his views on matters aristocratic; for should he do so, we promise him that we will read them for the laudable purpose of adding to our rather spare stock of adipose. If he will continue to tickle us thus for a few months, we expect that we, and all our lean friends, to whom we cordially recommend the cordial, will under the simple treatment become really unwieldy by reason of obesity. Aldermen are strictly cautioned against the Professor's aristocracy doctrines; for such doctorin's will certainly doctor them apoplexy.

'Grip' as a Reviewer.

"FANNING IN CHURCH," AND ADDISON AND STEELE ON THE USE OF THE FAN. Toronto: Globe Printing Company.

"Fanning in Church" has raised a bigger breeze than the ladies who use the article, or even the writer of the original (?) article in the *Globe* ever intended. The ladies, dear creatures (dear in their persons and their paraphernalia), have unrestrainedly fanned throughout the hot weather. In church or chariot, in grief or gait, in shade or sunshine, in dress or *en dishabille*, they have fluttered their fans and succeeded in fanning their fervid faces, fanning their flaunting fringes and ribbons, and fanning the passions of love, envy or jealousy in many a heart, all unmindful of the powerful pen that launched

literary lightning (after the manner of the cove who stole Jove's bolts) against their airy accomplishment. He, poor fellow, has not only been bitterly disappointed at witnessing the small effect of his erudite effort upon the Amazonian phalanx; but he has also been publicly proclaimed a pillager of the productions of previous pen propellers. It has been openly stated that he did first read ADDISON and then STEELE; and in this questionable way did lighten his literary labors. The dark accusation being followed by a still darker, prudently leaving the latter in limbo, he attempts to still further lighten the case and himself, and to that cosmopolitan end he has caused to be published a ponderous volume of eight pages, title page included, containing much new and valuable information to the denizens of the uttermost parts of the earth, all of whom no doubt know and admire this literary luminary. The author of this tremendous tome, mingling in his mighty mind the winged words of himself and his illustrious compeers with the probable effect of its impact upon the buffers upon which its weight was to come, forgot to send a copy to his admiring and emulating brother BARNABY, through the gay and garrulous GARR; so that we were forced to throw away ten cents in its purchase. We freely forgive the editor for the omission, feeling sure that the oversight was caused by his thinking so much of another, that he had no room, even in his capacious cranium, for ravin' BARNABY and his raven; but we can scarcely bring our old Adam to the forgiving point when we remember ALLEN's look when we bought that precious pamphlet. He plainly pitied us for giving him that dime. Now we don't like to be pitied so cheaply; and we're not the only fool in the world.

The wonderful work is before us. For "only ten cents" we have a vast fund of information unfolded to our unfortunate mind. We learn that the author is both ante and post-deluvian, before and after the flood; that he is an esquire; that he is "of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law;" that he is "author of 'France and Germany,' (January, 1871), &c. in *Westminster Review*." How he survived that flood we can't make out unless, indeed, he is the *original old Nick*, who is known to have come through in a manner not recorded. If so, it must have required both hands to hold his umbrella, else he certainly would have written an account of his adventures, ridiculed NOAH's old flat-boat, &c. Or—we have it!—he lost his library, and therefore he couldn't write. We also learn that he was formerly of *The Star, Pall Mall Gazette, &c., &c.* Ah! of that shining *Star* that sheds its radiance despite his departure to another hemisphere, and that galloping *Gazette* that rushes pell-mell in the path to ascendancy notwithstanding the loss of a dashing (quill) driver. And then the more than maiden modesty that veils distinctions, doubtless dazzling, under "&c., &c.!" While we admire we grieve. Admiration for such unusual diffidence is overset by grief at our own inability to comprehend the hidden glories thus denied us. Here is a great man. Look at his titles! Remember, too, they are all appropriate, particularly the &c. and the &c. Verily his self-abnegation is *sublime* which, being freely interpreted, signifies "under whitewash."

But we must pause. To take up all the beauties of this work in one number would be too much—too much! We have above simply reviewed the title page; and in justice directly to the RUBIN family, and indirectly to our readers, who would suffer by our further loss of health, we must postpone the opening of the inner glories of this casket of literary gems. We will, therefore, close by remarking that this specimen of book-making does credit to the establishment from whose presses it comes. It is cleanly printed on high-toned paper, and the single tail-piece, on page 8, consists of a significant flourish. In short, the mechanical work upon it makes it easily read by those who have the time, inclination and courage to explore the mines of instruction and amusement contained in its innocent pages. Recuperation being required, with a sigh we say, *Au Revoir!*

Among the Filharmonix.

The love of music runs in our family, and if I may believe its traditions one of my ancestors emigrated from Normandy with the Conqueror in the capacity of piano forte tuner to His Majesty—by "Special Appointment" of course. In those early days musical instruments were comparatively rare; but there is, I believe, a legend concerning that same ancient relative whose performances upon the cow-horn "astonished ye Kyng and hys Courte." I can well believe it. Claiming descent, therefore, from so prominent an individual, it is no wonder that such a distant connexion should inherit a love of musical art. I have been told, by those who profess to know that a correct taste and ear are the first requisites upon which to base a cultivated artist.

If this be true I have them to a large extent. The former is only exceeded by my appetite, and the latter is sufficiently large to take in all the dischords of our Society.

Our whole family form a complete octave. My father was a Major and my mother a minor; my eldest brother is the dominant, and I am the minor third, there being a sister between us. Among so eminently a musical family instruction in singing was superfluous, so I joined the Filharmonix. I was assured that it was only necessary to pay two dollars to secure myself fame and to constitute myself an active member.